

NUMBER 645

TORONTO, JULY 3, 1981

CAPTAIN GEORGE'S

incredible



MARLON BRANDO
in *On The Waterfront* **ADULT ENTERTAINMENT**

SECOND HIT!
Into the Valley of Death Rode the Six Hundred!
THRILLING in color by **TECHNICOLOR**
CHARGE OF THE LANCERS
Paulette Jean Pierre
with **GODDARD AUMONT**

THE TRULY GREAT PICTURE OF 1954
AN ELIA KAZAN PRODUCTION, co-starring
KARL MALDEN • LEE J. COBB

CIRCLE
2567 YONGE, MO. 6765
SMOKING LOGES
FREE PARKING



DAILY 6.30

LAND OF THE HUNTER AND THE HUNTED!

SAVAGE SPECTACLE OF JUNGLE THRILLS!

TANGANYIKA
IN TECHNICOLOR WITH
VAN HEFLIN
RUTH ROMAN
HOWARD DUFF

TWO BIG FEATURES

THE SURPRISE SUSPENSE STORY OF THE YEAR!
"WITNESS TO MURDER"
STARRING **BARBARA STANWYCK**
WITH **GEORGE SANDERS • GARY MERRILL**

ADULT!

MIDTOWN
BLOOR AT BATHURST. ME. 4700

ODEON
PARKDALE, LA. 1987

KINGSWAY DAILY 6.30 SAT 1 P.M. **BAYVIEW** 605 BAYVIEW HU 8-5651

3030 BLOOR W. BE. 1-5311

1954

C. B. STRACHAN/

OUR MAN
IN EDINBURGH

The 41st Scottish International Amateur Film Festival was held at Glasgow's Film Theatre with award winners from such diverse places as South Africa, Eire, Belgium and USA. Previous adjudicators of the festival have included Alfred Hitchcock, Michael Powell and Alan Parker, and this year's presenter was Edinburgh-born John Mackenzie, whose latest, *The Long Good Friday*, is now in release. At the intermission, John was telling me of his current project, *Karno*, the story of the impresario who practically founded British music hall in the 1870s. The part of Fred Karno (seemingly a fairly complex individual) will be played by Friday's star, Bob Hoskins, but the roles of the young Stan Laurel and Chaplin had not yet been assigned.

Among the screenings was *Movie Man* (by Ron Miller of Aberdeen), presenting the life and times of James Nairn, veteran Scottish cinema proprietor. Jimmy started out in the 20s as an assistant projectionist and wound up managing some of Scotland's finest. Along the way he was responsible for many innovations to early projection equipment, and produced his own newsreels of local events. These were largely financed by friendly neighbourhood store-keepers who were delighted to find their establishments prominently featured in the films. Jimmy Nairn thus lays claim to having produced some of the first 'commercials'. Well, if he wants to take the blame, that's his business.

Apparently his lobby displays were a sight to behold, one of them (*Ivanhoe*, I believe) earning him a special Golden Lion award from MGM. He also had the foresight to film the construction of Edinburgh's Ritz cinema, which he was asked to supervise in 1929. During this time, of course, sound arrived, and only slight alterations were required. The Ritz still stands today, but one of Jimmy's other cinemas, *The Savoy*, was recently bulldozed. Hey, this was the place where I first saw *Bride of Frankenstein*! I wonder if Jimmy Nairn was responsible for the green tints.

Incidentally, when we saw movies in those days there was none of this nonsense about X certificates or restricted admission. If there were any heart attacks going, the kids just had to take their chances along with the adults. When I first saw *King Kong* AND *Frankenstein*, these were complete versions, including 'recently restored' scenes. How do I remember? Simply because these were the very parts we discussed at school for weeks after. Golden days, indeed.

CAPTAIN GEORGE'S PENNY DREADFUL, a weekly review established in 1968, is published by the Vast Whizzbang Organization at Memory Lane, 594 Markham Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

DON HUTCHISON

SF REVIEW: THE TIME BENDER by Keith Laumer (Ace Books, \$2.25)

An overdose of self-hypnosis wrenches young Lafayette O'Leary out of his shoddy digs in Mrs. MacGlint's Rooming House and into the strangely medieval kingdom of Artesia. On the whole it may not be a bad deal, what with a beautiful princess and all, but there is something a little whacky in O'Leary's bedragoned Shangri La. For one thing, the king's magician, Nicodaeus, possesses in his quarters what suspiciously resembles electronic equipment...

This kind of yarn is the junk food of fantasy; but Keith Laumer was a master at packaging his product and whetting your appetite. One of the most prolific writers of the 1960s, his work combined a sense of humor and high adventure with a writing style often reminiscent of Raymond Chandler. It was an irresistible combination, as proven by this reprint of his 1966 original.

THE CHANGING LAND by Roger Zelazny (Ballantine Books, \$2.50)

More junk food, but what the hell. Dilvish the Damned was the hero of a number of stories that began appearing in the twilight of the Ziff-Davis fiction magazines; this is the first novel of his adventures.

Metal horses, demons, astral hands, visions from haunted mirrors, battles in time and a demi-god gone mad are just part of the author's heady word brew of sorcery and intrigue. Few fantasy writers can top Zelazny for fast-paced action and soaring imagery. Each of his new books is something of an event and this one is no exception.

THE GREAT SF STORIES (Volume 5, 1943), edited by Isaac Asimov and Martin H. Greenberg (DAW Books, \$2.75).

Since this is a column of recommendations (not enough space and no inclination to tackle the other 90 per cent crud), I've made a point of reviewing each one of these superb anthologies. Well, here we go again.

Not since the ground-breaking anthologies of the late 40s has anyone attempted to lay on such a rich feast for sf fans. And there is no greater proof (if proof be needed) that the true Golden Age of science fiction stretched from 1939 through the war years and slightly beyond -- coinciding with the last hurrah of the fabulous pulp era.

Although lesser known today, the two writers who dominated the field from 1943 to about 1947 were Henry Kuttner and his wife C.L. Moore. Writing under their own names as well as a bewildering number of pseudonyms, they turned out an equally bewildering number of plots, styles and conceptions ranging from outright fantasy to Campbellian hard science. Out of the twelve stories in this book, a full five were written by the Kuttner/Moore team. The fact that the other seven yarns are classics by van Vogt, Boucher, Fred Brown, Leigh Brackett and company attests to the quality of the domestic collaborators.

The cost of softcover books has escalated shockingly, but you can't afford to miss this one.

PETE HARRIS

JUNKING THE JEEP: Among my boyhood souvenirs, somewhere, is a snapshot of yours truly seated behind the wheel of a genuine World War II Jeep, taken during World War II. Much too young for the armed forces, I had never been that close to a real Jeep before -- the closest most Canadian kids got to military hardware was to see it in movies and newsreels -- so I seized the opportunity to at least sit in one for a while, even if I couldn't drive it. The snapshot was taken by a kid whose father was using the Jeep in some capacity with the Canadian Reserve Army.

I was reminded of that snapshot recently when an AP wire story out of Detroit reported that, after 40 years of service, the Jeep is headed for an honorable discharge. The U. S. Army has asked several companies to come up with a new all-purpose vehicle to replace the Jeep and several other types.

By coincidence, the June, 1981, issue of American History Illustrated has a comprehensive article on the Jeep by Lt. Col. Manuel A. Conley of Fort Meade, Maryland. "In years to come," Conley writes, "when future generations cruise the earth in as-yet-unimagined conveyances, historians will ponder our automotive age. As they survey the parade of famous cars, one curious specimen will stand out ... that squat, stubby, sawed-off little marvel -- the World War II Jeep." Conley makes the point that nobody really invented the Jeep. "Rather, it was the product of some twenty years of development by soldiers and civilians to meet a long-standing military need." After years of experimentation, the search was narrowed down to three test models produced by Willys, Ford and Bantam. Toward the end of 1940, Conley writes, the three companies began shipping their models to army camps, posts and stations throughout the United States. After "more than forty million gruelling miles of 'service test finals'" the Quartermaster Corps co-ordinated its findings and on Jan. 22, 1941, recommended certain features of the Bantam and Ford be incorporated into a standard quarter-ton truck based on the Willys design. On the basis of its low bid of \$738.74 per car, in July, 1941, Willys was awarded a production contract.

As to how the Jeep got its name, Conley offers a couple of sources. First there was the character in Popeye called Eugene the Jeep (introduced in 1936) whose name had become part of the language. Then, there was the standard U. S. military term, General Purpose, the initials of which were invariably slurred into "jeep."

Conley's article is accompanied by a number of photos showing various wartime adaptations of the Jeep, including one being used in Burma as a replacement for a locomotive, and a "stretch" Jeep called the Purple Heart which could carry 10 GIs. As well, there are three of Bill Mauldin's wartime cartoons, including the famous one of a heartbroken cavalry sergeant about to put his Jeep with a broken axle out of its misery. People felt that way about the Jeep. I know I still do -- even if I never got to drive one.